

1

Outside self are rims
 of self and commerce looking in
 through dawn lids, and the scent of fish
 heaped in baskets.
 Beginning, the poles go deep through memory
 roads, fishmongers lopping scales
 on blood-smeared posts
 and sky.

2

Lords and ships go proudly
 to the sunrise, both bearing arms,
 laden down with goods. The Temple of Tokuan
 is wood and woven grass for them.

For us, their servant's pots
 are filled with emptiness
 and kuans.

Tea Blend

The boiled tea
 the whipped tea
 the steeped tea

first Kung
 tea cakes:
 classic
 crushed
 steamed into blocks
 boiled w/ ginger, oats,
 orange
 peels: sound as the Great Wall

Then Lu Wu
 's "Holy Tea Book"
 a Taoist river of
 porcelain
 w/ T'ang attainments
 three volumes also
 roasted cakes.

Third Sung the blending:
 whipped powder
 bamboo whisked
 frothy and scholastic

Last jap (see Okakura) steeped
 bitter and committed.

Tao the taste
 Kung its preparation.